

George Strait, I Can Still Make Cheyenne

Her telephone rang 'bout a quarter to nine
She heard his voice on the other end of the line
She wondered what was wrong this time
She never knew what his calls might bring
With a cowboy like him it could be anything
And she always expected the worst in the back of her mind.

He said, "It's cold out here and I'm all alone,
I didn't make the short go again and I'm coming home.
I know I've been away too long.
I never got a chance to write or call
And I know this rodeo has been hard on us all
But I'll be home soon and honey is there something wrong?"

[Chorus:]
She said, "Don't bother comin' home.
By the time you get here I'll be long gone.
There's somebody new and he sure ain't no rodeo man."
He said, "I'm sorry it's come down to this.
There's so much about you that I'm gonna miss.
But it's alright baby, if I hurry I can still make Cheyenne.
Gotta go now baby, if I hurry I can still make Cheyenne.

He left that phone danglin' off the hook
Then slowly turned around and gave it one last look
Then he just walked away
He aimed his truck toward that Wyoming line
With a little luck he could still get there in time
And in that Cheyenne wind he could still hear her say.

[Chorus]